

SONNET XXXVIII.

WAs never eye did see my Mistress's
 Was never ear did hear PIDESSA'S
 tongue, Was never mind that once did
 mind her grace,
 That ever thought the travail to be long !
¹⁶ When her I see, no creature I behold."
 So plainly say, these Advocates of Love,
 That now do fear, and now to speak are
 bold ;
 Trembling apace, when they resolve to prove.
 These strange effects do show a hidden power,
 A majesty, all base attempts reproving ; That
 glads or daunts as she doth laugh or lower ;
 Surely some goddess harbours in their
 moving ! Who thus my Muse from base
 attempts hath raised, Whom thus my Muse
 beyond compare hath praised*

SONNET XXXIX.



LADY'S hair is threads of beaten gold.
 Her front, the purest, crystal eye hath seen.
 Her eyes, the blightest stars the heavens
 hold.
 Her cheeks, red roses, such as sold have
 been. Her pretty lips, of red vermillion die.
 Her hand, of ivory the purest white.
 Her blush, AURORA or the morning sky.
 Her breast displays two silver fountains
 bright. The spheres, her voice; her grace, the
 Graces three.
 Her body is the saint that I adore. Her
 smiles and favours, sweet as honey be.
 Her feet, fair THETIS praiseth evermore.
 But ah, the worst and last is yet behind :
 For of a griffon she doth bear the mind!